

NOVEMBER 10, 1921

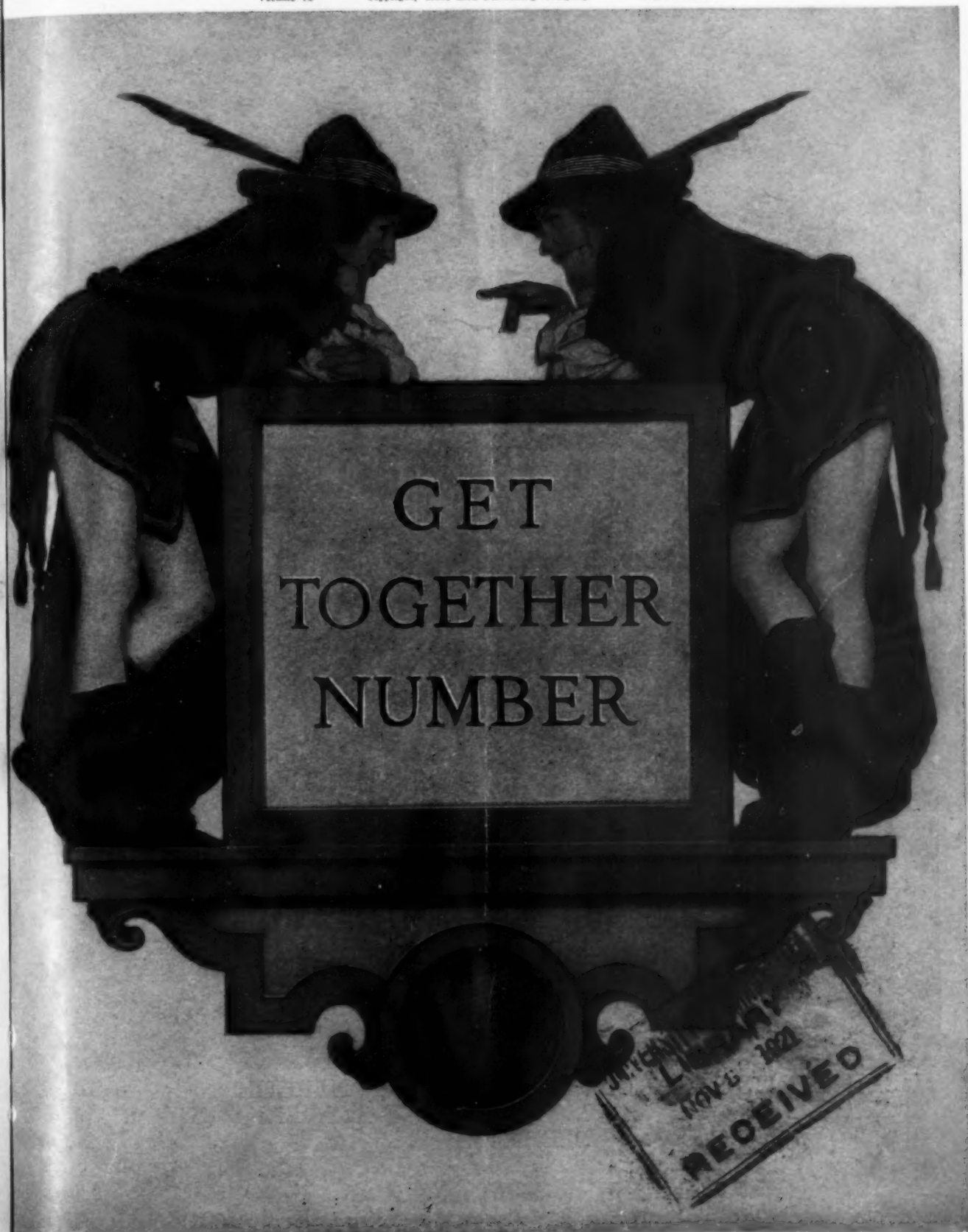
Life

Volume 78

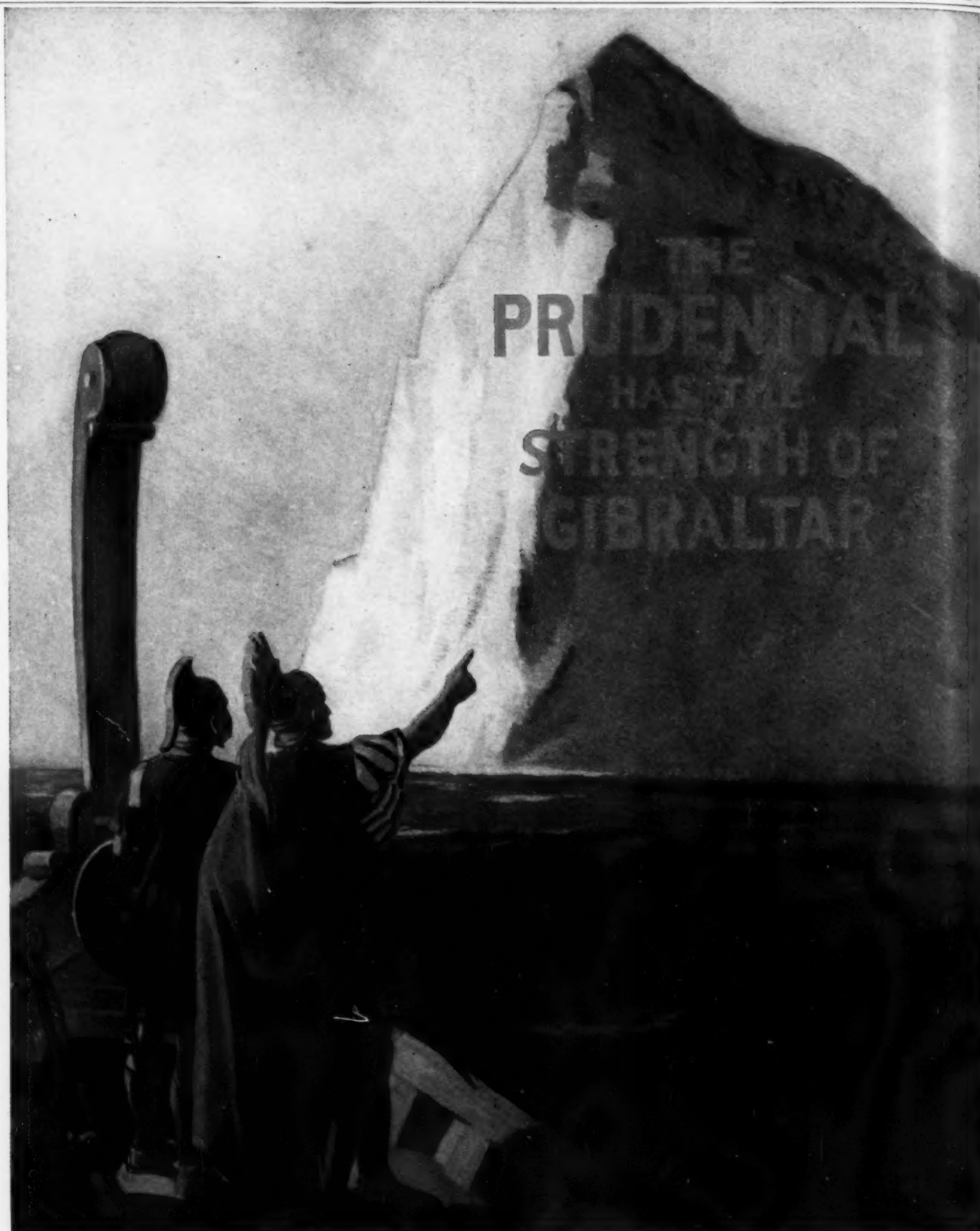
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THE ANCIENTS REGARDED THIS PILLAR OF HERCULES AS A TOWER
OF STRENGTH - TO THE MODERN MIND IT MEANS STRENGTH IN
LIFE INSURANCE.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Founded by John F. Dryden, Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

FORREST F. DRYDEN, *President*

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

IF EVERY WOMAN KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS—EVERY MAN WOULD BE INSURED IN THE PRUDENTIAL



Life



Get Together

By Dr. Blank Brane

THE Editors of LIFE asked me to do something for them. "In return," they said, "we shall send you a check." I did and they did.

This is the highest form of reciprocity—of get together. If Capital said that to Labor, or England to Ireland, or Mutt to Jeff, what would happen?

The world would be better off.

Nothing is quite so discordant as discord. It divides friends, estranges families, disrupts organizations and plunges nations into war.

Once I was speaking to the Abbé Liszt about a certain performer upon the oboe. "He is a great man," I said.

"He may be," replied the Abbé, "but he may not play in my orchestra."

"Pourquoi, Maître?" I asked.

"He is too full of discord," asserted the ecclesiastic.

And there you are.

Let us, like the Editors of LIFE, say to everyone we meet up with, "I want you to do something for me. In return, I shall do something for you." Demand and supply. Give and take. Cause and effect. Equality and fraternity. Love and kisses.

That is the spirit of reciprocity. Each and every one of us is a link. Joined with another link we make the beginning of a chain. The more links, the longer chain.

The chain should be endless.

As it was meant to be, the Universe is an endless chain, link on link, each part for the Whole and the Whole for each part, strong, secure, ageless, timeless, spaceless, senseless . . .

Links! Do your share!

I mean you . . . and you . . . and you, trying to hide under the sofa.

Get together.



As It Was in the Beginning

When the raisin and the yeast first got together

The Japanese Ambassador Writes to LIFE

A Letter from His Excellency, Baron Shidehara

LIFE believes that the Limited Armament Conference, to which President Harding has so wisely invited the leading Powers, is the most important event of the present highly disturbed period of world history. The position of Japan, with her constantly increasing congestion of population and her enormous domestic and external problems, has not been fully understood. In a spirit of sympathy and good will for our neighbor in the Pacific we have taken the liberty of asking our friend the Japanese Ambassador, Baron Shidehara, for a message through this paper to the American people. In printing his extremely interesting letter LIFE felicitates him on his good humor, his generosity and that spirit of fellowship which, we are convinced, assisted by our own President's influence, will prevail at Washington during the fateful days to come.

TO the Editor of "LIFE."
Sir,

You ask me for an estimate of the forthcoming conference at Washington, for the benefit of the readers of "LIFE"; and, without referring your request to Tokyo for Cabinet consideration, I hasten to tell you how Mr. Nippon regards the matter.

Mr. Uncle Sam, the richest gentleman in the world, has invited a number of his friends to come to his residence in Washington on November 11 to consider the question of walking sticks. It is said that there will be dry diplomacy at the party and that a new game, unlike poker, will be played, with all the cards face up on the table. This is a novel suggestion; but Mr. Nippon is something of a sport and cries "Banzai,"—which, in plain United States, means "Bravo!" He speaks this way because he holds a very good hand and knows it,—reports to the contrary having been circulated for betting purposes. There are sometimes fortunes to be made by interested persons in judicious deception.

Mr. Nippon, being only human, like other gentlemen, has made errors in playing the old game of bluff, but the game was one that had been forced upon him. Indeed, it was Mr. Sam himself, followed by Mr. J. Bull and others, who first showed Mr. Nippon the world. If you have been a reader of the papers, Mr. Editor, for as many as seventy years, you will remember that it was Mr. Sam who, in his sporting days, went abroad and discovered the little Japanese fellow, already an old man, living a simple life in a rather humble home on an island off the coast of the vast and mystifying continent of Asia. Mr. Sam was both importunate and imperative, and Mr. Nippon, seeing it was useless to demur, came out of his seclusion, smiled and tried to be polite according to his unsophisticated ways.

But his manners were misunderstood, and he soon realized that he was what is called an "outsider" and a subject of jest. He then inquired of a teacher of etiquette and learned that what he lacked was not so much good manners as haughty manner. Bearing, not breeding, the teacher said, was the thing. So Mr. Nippon began to behave somewhat like the other gentlemen,

changed his paper parasol for a walking stick, and kept increasing the size of the stick as the style developed,—knowing all the while that the style was vulgar, if not actually unhuman, but having no other recourse.

Now the world has become more kindly, and great and small people, rich and poor, are invited to Mr. Sam's magnificent mansion to be his guests on democratic terms, to see if they can "get together" with him, deal more generously with each other, and reduce the significant sizes of "big sticks" to one of decent proportions. "Hip, hurray, banzai!" says Mr. Nippon; "I am with you! Do you get me?"

In this connection, Mr. Editor, let me say that the Japanese gentleman thinks (and of this I am officially informed) that even more important than such matters as promoting equal opportunity and substituting a face-up game of cards for poker, is that of terminating the habit of backbiting. Such a practice, indulged in by all, is certainly unbecoming to gentlemen whose popular portraits are so benign and inspiring. Mr. Nippon is of the opinion that if men are ever to cease bludgeoning each other, it is essential to stop the practice of muck-gossiping.

There is another matter about which Mr. Nippon might make bold to speak, though he does so with hesitation, desiring in no way himself to be critical. It seems to him that friend Sam is sometimes inclined unduly to criticise others, even those who have been, like Sam, great benefactors to their fellow men,—as, for example, our mutual friend, from whom we have both benefited so greatly, dear old Mr. Bull. Mr. Nippon sends his regards and asks me to say that he will be a bright and early guest at Washington in November.

I am, Mr. Editor, your admirer,

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY,
WASHINGTON.

K. Shidehara



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For Distinguished Service

The World's Musqueteer

(Ballade à double refrain)

MARSHAL OF FRANCE, yet still the Musqueteer,
Comrade-at-arms, on your bronzed cheek we press
The soldier's kiss, and drop the soldier's tear;
Brothier by brother fought we in the stress
Of the locked steel, all the wild work that fell
For our reluctant doing; we that stormed hell,
And smote it down together, in the sun
Stand here once more, with all our fighting done,
Garlands upon our helmets, sword and lance
Quiet with laurel, sharing the peace they won—
Soldier that saved the world in saving France.

Soldier that saved the world in saving France—
France that was Europe's dawn when light was none;
Clear eyes that with eternal vigilance
Pierce through the webs in nether darkness spun;
Soul of man's soul, his sentinel upon
The ramparts of the world. Ah! France, 'twas well
This soldier with the sword of Gabriel
Was yours and ours in all that dire duresse,
This soldier, gentle as a child, that here
Stands shy and smiling 'mid a world's caress—
Marshal of France, yet still the Musqueteer.

Marshal of France, yet still the Musqueteer,
True knight, and succourer of the world's distress,
His might and skill we laurel, but more dear
Our soldier for that "parfit gentleness"
That even in heroic hearts doth dwell,
That soul as tranquil as a vesper bell,
That glory in him that would glory shun,
Those kindly eyes alive with Gascon fun,
D'Artagnan's brother: still the old romance
Runs in the blood, thank God! and still shall run—
Soldier that saved the world in saving France.

ENVOI

Soldier that saved the world in saving France,
Foch, to America's deep heart how near!
Betwixt us twain shall never come mischance;
Warrior that fought that War might disappear:
Far and forever far the unborn year
That turns the plough-share back into the spear!
But must it come—then Foch shall lead the dance,
Marshal of France, yet still the Musqueteer.

Richard Le Gallienne.



The Flapper: Of course I'll have lunch with you, old thing. That's an awfully good place
across the street.

The Nut: It looks like a fearfully wide street. Let's take a taxi.

LIFE'S Current Events Class

THE main topics of discussion this week are naturally the problems before the Disarmament Conference, or as the State Department requests that it be called, the Conference for a Tentative Discussion of the Possibilities of a Not-Too Definite Step Toward a Nominal Reduction in Certain Departments of World Armament.

This presupposes a knowledge of conditions in the Pacific Ocean on the part of each and every one of us. Now we all know that conditions in the Pacific Ocean are no better than they should be. People in San Francisco keep throwing things into the water from ferry-boats: plum-pits, copies of the *Examiner*, old fig-newton boxes, in fact, everything, until you wouldn't recognize the place.

This makes it difficult for Japan to come to the conference with a free hand. General O'Hara, Japan's leading authority on the Pacific, said recently before a session of the—you'll never guess—the Yamanaka, or National Diet, in speaking of the proposed conference:

"I think it is just dandy of the United States to ask us, and I have already decided what I am going to wear."

Naturally, the militarist party of Tokio saw in this statement an attempt on the part of O'Hara to appeal over their heads to the people, and the result was a civil war which has lasted now for three hundred years, in which all the leading statesmen and most of the population of Japan have been either killed or frozen. This is the first news of this war to reach America, but, believe it or not, there it is.

Let no one underestimate the importance of the cable stations in the middle of the Pacific to the future peace of the world. And, by the same token, let no one overestimate it. The best thing for all hands to do is to let the whole matter drop.

* * *

WHICH brings us to what Theodore W. Libbig once called "the Tyrolean situation." Here is a situation! The Tyrol on one hand, insisting on a union with Austria, and the *fascisti* on the other, denying the existence of any clause in the treaty which can possibly be construed as in the slightest degree off-

color. At a recent meeting held in Bozen, it is estimated that practically nobody was in favor of anything. This marks an increase of 114% over last year's caucus, but a slump of 12% under that of 1915. Who is to blame? Surely not the Tyrolese themselves. A kinder, bigger-hearted people never lived.

And yet the Tyrolese (or is it Tyroleans?), "Tyrolese" sounds funny. But, after all, not so funny as "Tyroleans." They both sound silly, and quite probably they both *are* silly. Any people who go about yodeling so much, must have a queer streak in them somewhere. It isn't normal for a man to want to yodel *all* of the time.

In the morning for a little while, yes. But not all day and all night as Krafft-Ebing reports many of the Tyrolese as doing.

* * *

IN the realm of domestic matters we have the railroads. At least, *someone* has the railroads. There they are, with a lot of tracks spread out all over the place, signals, time-tables, paper-cups, and sugar-dough-nuts under glass domes, all the essentials of a railroad system, and yet things are at sixes and seven-twenty-fives. One of the questions is, what is to be done about it?

If we go back and look at the Interstate Commerce Commission Reports for 1910-11-12, or even if we *don't* go back and look at them, we find that during

that period the net tonnage of freight carried from coast to coast was some perfectly horrible amount, I forget the exact figures. Then the Government took over the roads. And what happened?

During the first three months of Government control there were fourteen blizzards. What kind of management was that? We were told that once the Government was put in charge, our transportation problem would be solved. The only answer to this is the indisputable fact that during the months of June, September and May of the year 1918 a matter of 110,000 tons of steel rails lay in the yards at Jersey City waiting for someone to claim them, and when at last they began to mildew, it became necessary to wrap them up and give them away to the Salvation Army. These facts speak for themselves.

Robert C. Benchley.



Tyrolean peasants carrying yodels to market.



Sanctum Talk The Peace Delegates Drop In

"HERE we are, LIFE!"

"Come in, fellers. Who—?"

"Don't you know us? My name is Wellington Koo—"

"Put 'er there! My Chinese Pal!"

"Yes, LIFE; and here's Lloyd George and M. Briand and—"

"And this is Baron Shidehara, isn't it? Mighty glad to shake your hand."

"And here's General Diaz."

"So it is! Gratzio! Gentlemen—boys! All be seated. This is the proudest moment of my joke-ridden career. What have you got on your minds?"

"Everything, LIFE. These gentlemen have asked me to be spokesman here, because you belong to the youngest and I to the oldest civilization in the world."

"Don't say that, Dr. Koo. You're all right as a spokesman—but don't put it on that ground. You make me smile—oldest civilization, indeed!"

"But, LIFE, what's older?"

"My dear friend! Evidently you haven't examined the government of New York. Talk about antiques!"

"Ah! I see—a joke!"

"No—a tragedy! . . . Well, now, fellers, let's get down to brass tacks. You came—?"

"To abolish war."

"Exactly. To scrap the other fellow's guns, to remove taxes and to get

a combined strangle-hold on universal peace."

"We did."

"And the only question is, how can this be done?"

"It's worse than that, LIFE. It's got to be done. If it isn't—"

"We'll all blow up!"

"You've Hylandized a mouthful!"

"Then listen a little more, Dr. Koo—and also M. Briand, General Diaz, Baron Shidehara and Lloyd George. We came to bury Mars, not to raise him, but it's going to be a long ceremony, and this is how."

"Go on, LIFE; we're all listening hard."

"In the end it will come through Love, which in time will lead to Religion—not the half-baked little religions of to-day, but the kind you will all eventually use. . . . That's a large order, believe me, gentlemen—but it's what Science has been working for all these centuries—and not knowing it."

"Science! Now you're guying us! Science, that made the means for war!"

"Sure! Peace can be purchased only by countless agonies, and Science, by slowly increasing the machinery of communication, must in the end furnish the means to bring all men together."

"But—"

"Now, boys, wa't. I have to be serious too much of the time, you know,

merely to show that I have a sense of humor. Criticism of the other fellow, suspicion, selfishness, greed, hatred on a large scale in nations—all these things that cause war and have been tried over and over again only to fail—all these things are only our ignorance of one another in various disguises. We ought to know this pretty well, anyway, even if we haven't been taught by the biggest war in history."

"Do we—"

"Don't we see it working all the time among individuals who don't really know one another?"

"But how—?"

"All the people in the world have got to get acquainted—we must get together—then we'll come to see that the other fellow is very much like us."

"That would take—"

"But think of the troops we transported! I'd be in favor of having the Chinese Congress and the Nippon Congress and all the other congresses, or whatever they're called, come over here and meet our Congress; and we wouldn't mind if our Congress would tour the world—it could stay as long as it wanted to."

"And meanwhile, LIFE—?"

"Meanwhile, you must all remember that America doesn't want anything that doesn't belong to her, and is willing to do a lot to help you all love one another. If anybody doubts this, remember that the border line between the United States and Canada differs from the border line between France and Germany because America's position enables her to be just so far disinterested—it is the trade-mark of our good intentions."

"LIFE! We thank you. And now—"

"Try some of this home-brew—made by myself from California Nippon grapes, from a French recipe, in a Chinese crock, put up in Italian bottles and—"

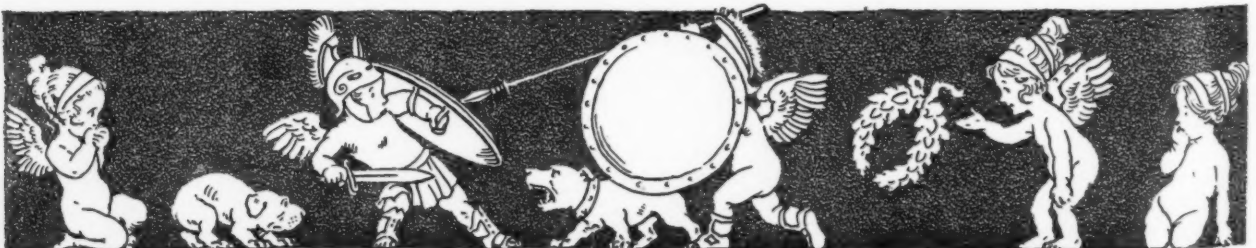
"And the kick, LIFE?"

"Just a little Welsh! Gentlemen, here's to Love, Religion, Peace and all good fellows!"

"LIFE!"

"Au revoir!"

T. L. M.





Drawn by P. L. Crosby

"If she don't show up pretty soon, I'm goin' to bust this date—that's all."

Senator Sounder Says—



Senator Sounder giving last-minute instructions to the other American Delegates.

WASHINGTON, November 1st.—My appointment as delegate-at-large to the disarmament conference has aroused considerable opposition among my political enemies, who claim that I am not fitted to be either delegate or at large. In the main, however, I feel that the country, realizing the need of a Real American on the delegation, is with me. Anybody must realize that there are two occasions when we need a big navy; viz. (1) in war, (2) in peace. There are very likely other occasions, but these suffice for my argument. In fact, I won't even touch on the first, since the purpose of the conference is to eliminate war.

But if it is an era of peace that we have to consider, there are occasions when only battleships can represent the government. There is the Prince of Wales—and other distinguished visitors—to be met every year, there are Congressional committees to be carried to distant islands for the purpose of investigating whether there is anything to inves-

tigate. You can't help feeling a bit of a piker to be spending only \$500,000,000 (exclusive of upkeep) for this important work during the next year.

And that isn't all that a battleship does.

Before long it gets obsolete and then it performs the last service in its short but expensive little life by acting as a target for the younger generation of battleships. It must be very inspiring to our gunners to have a \$42,000,000 target to shoot at, and, of course, it can't fail to arouse a little feeling of pride, or something, in the bosoms of the tax-payers who paid for it. At the same time, I don't wish to create the impression that I am narrow about this. Though I hold my views about practical disarmament, I admit that in the abstract disarmament is a very pretty thing to think about. You can make a sort of game out of thinking up all the useful things that the government, or the tax-payers, could do with that \$500,000,000 during the next year.

In fact, if I felt sure that the delegates would treat the question purely in the abstract, no one would work harder for the success of the conference than I. We might, after due deliberation, pass some such resolution as "Resolved, that it is the sense of the conference that disarmament is a good thing," and I'd even favor appointing a committee to report in three years whether those nations that hadn't meanwhile gone bankrupt still favored international disarmament.

Sounder.

Up-to-Date

THE Great Detective scowled thoughtfully.

"Jack and Jill," he read from the report before him, "went up the hill to draw a pail of water. Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill came tumbling after."

"Humph," said the master-mind. "That seems to be simple enough. A plain case. These two joy riders found their radiator getting hot while speeding in a mountainous section. They tried to make a tough grade on low, but it was too much. Then the brakes refused to work. The man got panic-stricken and stumbled out of the car on his dome. The bus kept on going down the slope and took the dame along with it. Both of 'em carried accident policies, and the car was probably insured, too. I advise both companies to suspend payment till the driver can prove he wasn't under the influence."



Gregarious

"Does Pablo Gonzales live here?"

"No, but he is a neighbor of ours; lives just ninety miles west of us."



A Little Match After Lunch

"Edward, will you please put your club in the hole and keep it still while I putt?"

"Which hole, Henery?"

The Letters of Alicia

Robert Barnes Rudd

No. III



DARLING, I am afraid you completely misunderstood what I said. Of course, perfectly lovely people *do* live on the West Side—lovely musical and journalistic and critical and medical people *do* live there.

And once we knew a really charming family who lived on West 86th Street until they lost their nerve as soon as they could afford it and moved over to the sweetest little house in the East Thirties. It used to be a stable, but they had it done over wonderfully by a very good firm, and while it's rather small and there isn't much light, they say that the Old Time Atmosphere—it simply reeks of "atmosphere"—more than makes up for the other things.

Of course all around Columbia University—that has that statue in front of it, 'way up there beyond the Cathedral (why, dear, do you suppose that the bishop, or whoever it was, built the Cathedral up there so remote and far away from St. Bartholomew's?)—well, anyway, all around there, it must be full of professors with their wives, just as cultivated as anything, who understand all about Relativity

and probably even read Browning still. But just the same, you know that an address in the East Sixties is absolutely Sans Peur and Sans Reproche, and that the Ritz and Saint Thomas' and Mr. Powys' lecture and The Follies and the Philharmonics and the Strand and all the old reliable places just follow as a matter of course.

But if you *do* come to town next year and *have* to live on the Upper West Side, darling, don't let it worry you, *please!* I should *die* if I thought that anything *I* had said should make you feel badly about it. But just be cheerful and *very noble in the right way* and perhaps your father will weaken. And even if he doesn't, if you respect yourself, other people will respect you, no matter *where* you live.

Affectionately yours,

ALICIA.

Retained

"Oh, my! How did such an immensely important woman marry such a trivial man?"

"Lacking a personal sense of humor, she probably felt the need of a comic supplement."

The Alibi

THE SECRETARY: This speech may get you into trouble.

THE HONORABLE: Then you had better prepare a statement saying that I was misquoted by the newspapers.

Life



Lines

ACCORDING to the Ku Klux price-list, only ten dollars is required to obtain the night hood in this country.

Opera would be better off if the audiences were only on time when the notes are due.

In Warsaw a shoe shine costs 2,000 rubles. That is what they must mean by the Polish problem.

The New York City Dock Department demands the right to be tried by a council of its piers.

The Japanese idea seems to be that we must acknowledge their equality or they'll proceed to demonstrate their superiority.

Nowadays a man pays more to have the ashes hauled away than he used to pay for the coal.

Adding a word to the well-known motto of the circus, the Arms Conference at Washington might be advertised as the Greatest Show-down on Earth.

We've tried 'em all, but still find that there is a lot of difference in the beers—Pabst and present.

We wish to correct an impression that the Gainsborough painting, "The Blue Boy," which is coming to America, is a portrait of Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Nowadays it's a wise man who doesn't wait for his ship to come in. He goes outside the three-mile limit to meet it.

Prophets of a hard winter point out that the Smith Brothers are hoarding cough-drops and growing a heavy coat of fur.

Some confusion is arising on the part of persons who think the Sexcentenary of Dante is only a new novel by Elinor Glyn.

An operation upon a woman patient in a Kentucky hospital resulted in the discovery of five silver teaspoons in her stomach.

Had it been a round half-dozen, she might have been given away as a premium with something.



Mrs. Hatterson (showing her house): It isn't all in taste. You see, we moved in so quickly.

Mrs. Catterson (sympathetically): I know just how it is, my dear—you had no time to consult anyone else.

The rector of St. Mark's, New York City, has installed a mechanism by which colored lights supplement the pulpit discourse, changing hues with the preacher's mood. Blue will be the prevailing shade when the collection is taken up.

By the latest count, there are more than 280,000 illiterates in New York City, so just why the theatrical season isn't better is pretty hard to understand.

The Spanish have the Moroccan tribesmen under control. Got their Arabic numerals, so to speak.

Sociologists tell us that inferior people gradually supplant the superior. In that case pretty soon there will be nobody in the United States but politicians.

No woman has yet attended any disarmament conference. —*News Item.*

How about the Venus de Milo?

"I want to say that every true American is a patriot whether he belongs to some labor organization or is just an ordinary citizen." —*J. J. Pershing.* True, General; but still, as between the two, give us the ordinary citizen.

The French Minister of Fine Arts bestowed upon Charlie Chaplin the decoration of Officer of Public Instruction, pinning in his buttonhole the ribbon of the order.

This decoration, while a flattering honor, makes less splash than the Order of the Custard Pastry, which is pinned upon the face.

"More peppermints are eaten in Glasgow on Sundays than in any other town in the world," says a well-known manufacturer. There's a—hic!—reason.

Due to treatment by a Boston specialist, former Senator Gore of Oklahoma, sightless since early youth, is "seeing flashes of light." Would that the whole United States Senate might consult that specialist!

Now that the Agricultural bloc in the Senate has made a successful debut, other blocs will doubtless follow. There should be no difficulty about finding leaders. The ranks of politics are full of potential bloc-heads.



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"My Boy"

THE DINNER DIARY OF CLARE DE LOON

George Chappell

Thursday, September 8th, 1921.

I RESTED for half an hour to-day, as it was my lecture evening. I suffer so beforehand and my audience suffers so during the lecture that we are all immensely happy when it is over.

Vincent Astor, the young radical leader, introduced me very charmingly and read a telegram from Mr. Walt Whitman regretting that he could not be present. Mr. Astor sat beside me during the lecture. He is of the younger intellectual type which always wears horn-rimmed glasses. His legs are somewhat like Lloyd George's, with the same curve of the trained acrobat's.

My audience was most varied. Most of the men wore business suits and tan shoes, the conventional American evening dress, but some of the ladies' costumes were quite radical. I talked for three hours instead of the one I had planned, speaking more slowly and spreading out my material. I think it was a success. When I finished you could have heard a pin drop.

At the door a large woman in a red-flannel wrapper stopped me and asked, "Mrs. de Loon, have you ever really been in Russia?" Of course I refused to answer a question of such political significance and she disappeared after throwing a cabbage in my direction which Mr. Astor skilfully intercepted.

We went on to a most gorgeous supper at the Ritz. The sight of so much food reminded me, as it always does, of my starving comrades in Petrograd and I made Henry Liverwurst, my publisher, promise that he would remind me to send the cabbage which Mr. Astor caught to my dear friends Trotsky and Lenin. It is not much one can do, but it is something.

Friday, September 23rd, 1921.

BOOTH TARKINGTON fetched me and took me to lunch in Sheridan Mews in a quaint little place under the sidewalk. We were lowered down through a coal-hole and ate delicious Spanish food. Tarkington played us several tunes on his ukelele while I talked to Sinclair Lewis who edits "The Soil-Pipe," the organ of the younger intellectuals.

After luncheon Charlie Chaplin, the new President of Yale, fetched me up to the Polo Grounds to see my first game of baseball. It was a touching sight and brought home poignantly the great question which I so often ask my audience, "What shall we do with our unemployed?"



"I foam at the sight of Senator Berlin's picture"



"John Drew, the great art critic, said: 'Madame, your sculpture would be a great thing to fall back on.'"

At a recent dinner one of your great railway financiers—I think his name was Belasco—said to me rather patronizingly, "My dear lady, we have no unemployed."

Here I saw overwhelming proof to the contrary. Before me, in the arena, sat at least thirty thousand poor wretches, literally imprisoned, many of them in the broiling sun, idle and unproductive. It made my heart bleed. Dr. Chaplin told me that for this enforced idleness a mini-

imum tax was exacted of over four hundred roubles per individual. And then he added, casually, "Many thousands of them would not be here but for some recent bereavement in their families, a grandmother, perhaps even a mother." It was more than I could stand.

Dr. Chaplin led me weeping from the stadium and fetched me to tea at the Plaza.

Sunday, October 2nd, 1921.

THE daylight-saving bill has been abolished. I am so indignant about it I can scarcely write. The one frugal habit which had become, so to speak, a part of this great people is wiped out at a stroke of the pen.

The papers are full of the vaporings of Irving Berlin, the Senator who engineered the political machinery in Washington.

But I am furious. I foam at the sight of Senator Berlin's picture. He has a head like John Hylan's, solid and yet hollow-looking.

I should stay here and oppose this infamous move, but for the last three months I have received no allowance from the Soviet Central Committee. I face the dreadful prospect of working for my living! This, I suppose, is the fate of all idealists.

I shall take up my sculpture again. Can I ever forget the remark made to me by John Drew, the great art critic, when I asked him how he liked my work?

"Madame," he said, "your sculpture would be a great thing to fall back on."

Disarmament



Ex-Munitions Manufacturer: Who'll buy my pretty posies—only fifteen dollars a bunch!

Waiter (a former Ambassador to the Court of St. James): Just a little conceit of the chef's, sir. He calls it Egg Surprise.



At the Zoo

The lion and the lamb are tucked in for the night



"Something nifty in a Admiral's uniform, Captain?"



Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer step out a bit



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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ARE there really any one hundred per cent. Americans? Is that a fair description of any one that is alive?

Probably not. It is not very descriptive as to particulars. It makes a pass at defining something political—a person exclusively devoted to the interests of the United States. One hundred per cent. carries an idea of size—of quantity. You think of it as being a good deal of something, but the one hundred per cent. American suggests a limited person and it is his limitation, not his quantity, that is defined. It is the expression of an idea of the United States and its duties that is too narrow.

We guess there is no such person as a one hundred per cent. American—nobody that is justly defined by that phrase. All of us are bigger than that, most of us considerably bigger. Most of us appreciate that while all duty begins at home it does not end there. Most of us know also, especially in these times, that no nation can live to itself alone, and that the fulfillment of its duty to its neighbors has come to be an essential part of the very price of existence.

Mankind is one. In our capacity as human beings we belong to all nations, to all complexions, to all religions. We are a part of the human race. It may be said that we are one hundred per cent. human, but that might be disputed on the ground that we are partly divine, but we may be partly divine and still be one hundred per cent. human, because the rest of the people are also partly divine. We are of the same ma-

terial that they are, living on the same planet, born into the world in the same way to the same destiny, and we go out of it in the course of time into the same uncertain next state.

The peoples of the world are one, but diversified by many varieties. Varieties always make themselves felt. They form families. The families are jealous of one another. They live in different parts of the globe and have geographical troubles. It is good to have varieties because they add so much to the interest in life, but the thing to think of in these days is the unity of man. We must think of it. It is necessary. The world is in that predicament where the people in it must think as one great family, not ignoring varieties, but refusing to let combat determine their boundaries and the solution of their conflicting interests.



AND really we are getting together. It does look so, and the real end of the conference at Washington is to promote that condition.

Only a year ago the presidential campaign in this country was run considerably on the idea that the United States must keep out of the tangled affairs of Europe. That was the idea that had beaten the Versailles Treaty in this country. A single year has made a considerable difference about that. Enthusiasm for keeping away from Europe and letting her stew in her own juice is very much abated. People who did not know it before have come to understand that it is not good for us to let Europe stew in her own juice—that Europe and the United States are really members of the same family, and that if either one is to prosper very much, both must

prosper. Mr. Harding got a great many votes from people who thought they were one hundred per cent. Americans and wanted to wall in the United States. Yet it was he who said the other day at Yorktown that he observed in the world "a fresh hungering for understanding, a new call for co-operation, a clear connection of purposes and devotions and loyalties not limited to sovereignties nor national boundaries." It was he who called the armament conference; he who expressed at Yorktown the "hope that we stand at the dawn of a new day, in which nations shall be stronger for contribution to the world's betterment because each will feel the assurance of common purpose and united aspiration, and the security of a common devotion to the ends of peace and civilization." Now really that was going a good deal. He wants to get the nations together and is probably willing to pay the price, whatever it is, and they are getting together—particularly Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Harding spoke of that, too, in his Yorktown speech, remarking on the policy of adjustment of all differences which for a hundred years these countries had followed, and declaring that a future breach of our peaceful and friendly relations was unthinkable. And when he said that, he spoke not of something to be attained, but of what exists already—not of a hope, but of a fact. The thing to do is to spread that fact out over the rest of the world; to make the relations of other nations with one another as safe and satisfactory as the relations between Great Britain and the United States.



THAT ought to come in time, and it is coming despite difficulties.

There is another matter—another domain—in which men ought to get together, and that is in pursuit of knowledge. The human mind constantly pursues knowledge and attains it and records it—going on from fact to fact, from theory to theory, from conviction to conviction. In that way the human race progresses. In powers of mind and physical characteristics it changes very slowly, but in the acquisition of knowledge and the power to use what it acquires it advances with increasing rapidity, and at this time very fast indeed. It is most important that all the knowledge seekers should feel that they are on the same quest—that knowledge really acquired and its truth demonstrated belongs to all the seekers.

There has been the same kind of antagonism between schools of belief that there has been between political systems. The religious people, for example, have kept to one school and the scientists to another. They have banged away at one another as though they belonged to opposite parties, but just as all men are of one family, so all kinds

of truth belong to one family of truth-seekers. There cannot really be a conflict between them. If the Bible searcher and the scientist and the geologist and the chemist come to different conclusions about anything, it is not because the truths they find conflict, but because what some of them think is true is not so. The job for them is not to slaughter one another with epithets or persecution or suppression, but to go on adding knowledge to knowledge, until finally all their truths prove one another and are harmonized.

That kind of spirit is visible, too. The scientists and the religious people see more clearly than they did one or two generations ago that they are all on the same quest.



THE processes by which the Sinn Feiners and the British Government are coming to an understanding illustrate remarkably the insistence

upon peace that is in the back of men's heads. The Pope telegraphed to King George his joy in the resumption of Anglo-Irish negotiations, and the King telegraphed back his happiness in receiving the Pope's message, and then when De Valera came in with a warning message to the Pope to look sharp and not let the King bamboozle him, it did, to be sure, make a hitch in the proceedings, but the negotiators would not stop. They went on with the negotiations and are at it at this writing.



AND here in this country it appears doubtful, as LIFE goes to press, that we can have even a railroad strike, because public opinion is so averse to it.

The problems of the railroads and their men and wages and rates are very intricate. The people want them worked out, not fought out. They want defeat for neither party, but justice for both.

E. S. Martin.



Japan: Mr. Sam, where do you see all this "yellow peril"?
"Well, old man, I must confess it's mostly in the 'yellow press.'"



Drawn by Rollin Kirby



EDWIN
KIRBY



Mixed Grill

WE might just as well call off the Disarmament Conference and all other moves toward bettering the world so long as Avery Hopwood has his health. There is no use trying to buck against him. Any man who can insult the public as he does in "The Demi-Virgin" and have the public come reeling back for more, may lay claim to being one of the country's big men, what the *American Magazine* would call a "Go-Getter."

There is no use in sputtering about "The Demi-Virgin's" being dirty. That is exactly what Messrs. Hopwood and Woods want to have you say about it. They would like nothing better than to have electric lights over the door of the theatre reading: "'The last word in mire'—*N. Y. Times*. 'The most obscene play I ever saw'—*Globe*." They know their public. They know that there must be thousands and thousands of people in New York who spend their vertical hours writing on fences with chalk, and their money is as good as anybody's in the eyes of Messrs. Hopwood and Woods.



WE will not, therefore, play into the hands of the Woods publicity department by dwelling on the fact that "The Demi-Virgin" is incredibly full of country-store aphrodisiacs. Our only complaint is that Hopwood gives no credit to the generations and generations of Bowery comedians and small-town drummers who have been pulling the stuff ever since it was first written. When you hear a lady on the stage say: "Pas de toot, dearie; that's French for 'not on your tin-type,'" you naturally look for a song-number to follow entitled "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" or "Annie Rooney," with perhaps some trick riding on high-wheeled bicycles. Most of Hopwood's stuff comes out of the trunk marked: "Grover Cleveland's Second Administration." That's the most discouraging part about "The Demi-Virgin."

And the next most discouraging part is to see an actor like Kenneth Douglas wading about in it.



"THE RIGHT TO STRIKE" is one of those plays setting forth a world-wide economic and sociological problem in the first act which is settled in the last act by the curate's daughter's marrying *Larry*, or the gardener's wife giving birth to a boy.

In the present case, a strike on the part of the railroad men in Lancashire is met by a counter-strike on the part of the doctors against the railroad-men. As the part of the

strike-agitator is assigned to Harry Mestayer, who has hitherto played chiefly Chinese villains, we gather that the author's sympathies are with the doctors, although it must be admitted that a junta of the younger physicians in the present production resembles more a group of striking chorus-men than irate members of the medical profession fighting for the public.

There is certainly a problem somewhere in the relations between Capital and Labor, but even after Edmond Lowe as young *Dr. Wrigley* has consented at the final curtain to perform a major operation on the strike-leader's wife, one has an inescapable feeling that the problem has not been solved by Mr. Hutchinson's play. There still remain two or three points to be cleared up.



WE missed both "Love Dreams" and "The Love Letter" when they opened, and were going to put them together this week in a combination review with some sort of play on the word "love." After we had got the play on the word "love" out of the way, we were going to say that we liked "The Love Letter" better than "Love Dreams." Just at that moment "The Love Letter" was taken off.

This leaves nothing but "Love Dreams" and spoils the play on the word "love," which probably wouldn't have been a knockout, anyway. Things like that usually work out for the best, although it really was too bad that "The Love Letter" had to go, for it was a good show.



"Love Dreams" has what is probably the most distinctive set of lyrics of any musical show in town. They were written by Oliver Morosco, who produces the show, and give evidence of a deeper side of Mr. Morosco's nature hitherto unsuspected by the general public. The common complaint against musical comedy lyrics is that they are banal and do not rhyme. Not only do Mr. Morosco's lyrics not rhyme, but they have no meaning, and no higher praise than that could be bestowed on a piece of modern verse. Any day now we shall expect to see the *Dial* featuring Mr. Morosco.

"Love Dreams" is a melody drama, enhanced out of all proportion to its original value by the presence in the cast of Tom Powers and Marie Carroll, who bring back memories of "Oh Boy!" Vera Michelena and Harry K. Morton also do their share of the work, and the result is a melody drama by Ann Nichols, with lyrics by Oliver Morosco and music by Werner Janssen (whose father wants to see you).

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print *LIFE*, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Ambush. *Garrick*.—Drab tragedy of the "Jane Clegg" school, well done.

Back Pay. *Eltinge*.—A flowery retelling of the sad tale of the young country girl.

The Bat. *Morosco*.—Crime melodrama de luxe.

Blood and Sand. *Empire*.—Ibañez's novel of the bull-ring dramatized, with Otis Skinner as the bull.

The Claw. *Broadhurst*.—Lionel Barrymore at his best in a sight translation from Bernstein's French.

Daddy's Gone A-Hunting. *Plymouth*.—A simple and powerful domestic tragedy, giving Marjorie Rambeau her first real chance.

The Grand Duke. *Lyceum*.—To be reviewed next week.

The Green Goddess. *Booth*.—Old-fashioned melodrama laid in the Himalayas, with George Arliss to make it thrilling.

The Hero. *Belmont*.—A daring thing done well but conventionally.

Liliom. *Fulton*.—One of the really important plays to see.

The Right to Strike. *Comedy*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Silver Fox. *Maxine Elliott's*.—A Cosmo Hamilton drawing-room play, with William Faversham and a good cast.

Sonya. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Hokum in hussars' uniforms.

Sothorn and Marlowe. *Century*.—Eight weeks of Shakespeare.

The Wandering Jew. *Knickerbocker*.—To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

Beware of Dogs. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge-podge.

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife. *Ritz*.—Ina Claire in an adaptation from a French bed.

The Circle. *Selwyn*.—John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter in a real play for people old enough to sit up after eleven.

Dulcy. *Frasce*.—Lynn Fontanne as a delightful lady bungler in a comedy containing spots of deft satire.

The First Year. *Little*.—Now in its second year.

Getting Gertie's Garter. *Républic*.—Our campaign against this play has had its effect. The play is a success.

Just Married. *Nora Bayes*.—Ordinarily merry play, with Lynne Overman making it funny at times.

Lilies of the Field. *Klaw*.—Amusing lines in a poor setting.

Main Street. *National*.—Not such a bad dramatization of the novel as you might expect.

The Night Cap. *Bijou*.—Highly amusing murdering.

Oh, Marian! *Playhouse*.—Née "Wait Till We're Married."

Only 38. *Cort*.—Pleasant oatmeal.

Six-Cylinder Love. *Sam H. Harris*.—Ernest Truex in a very amusing tragedy of suburban automobiling.

The Six-Fifty. *Hudson*.—To be reviewed next week.

Thank You. *Longacre*.—Semi-rustic drama of underpaid preachers, excellent of its kind.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Bombo. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Al Jolson good in spite of the show and without a decent song to work with.

Blossom Time. *Ambassador*.—The nearest thing to real music in New York musical comedy.

Get Together. *Hippodrome*.—Don't miss the crow.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*.—Look at the scenery, listen to Irene Franklin, and then go home.

Love Dreams. *Apollo*.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Music Box Revue. *Music Box*.—A great deal of very good stuff, including William Collier, Sam Bernard, Florence Moore and others.

The O'Brien Girl. *Liberty*.—Nice and tuneful.

Sally. *New Amsterdam*.—Leon Errol and Marilynn Miller are rumored to have joined the cast.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third St.*—Colored singers and dancers who love their work.

Tangerine. *Casino*.—A pleasant show with Jack Hazzard and Julia Sanderson.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 12. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell give a garden party

The "Howdy, Neighbor" Club

Dorothy Parker

HAVE you ever been so lonesome that you forged someone's name on a check, just by way of making believe that somebody was giving you a present? That was what a charming middle-aged lady, living in one of our largest cities for its size, did, and not so very long ago, either. Mr. Otis R. Mesh says that she was the loneliest person he ever saw, or, if not quite that, easily the next to the loneliest. And that is indeed praise from Sir Hubert, for, as his wife laughingly puts it, Mr. Mesh knows more lonesome people than you could shake a stick at. In fact, among his intimates he goes by the nickname of the Greatest Authority on Lonesomeness in the Entire Middle West.

It was the homely little incident of the forged check that gave Mr. and Mrs. Mesh the idea of forming their now famous "Howdy, Neighbor" Club. They chanced on the quaint story while skimming through the police court news one morning, and in the midst of their laughter came the sudden sobering thought that even at that moment there might be thousands, perhaps hundreds, of lonely people in their city. Then and there Mr. and Mrs. Mesh decided to devote their lives to bringing the lonely together. Mrs. Mesh promptly gave away her children, and Mr. Mesh, one of the city's most prominent furnace-men, resigned the position he had held for weeks, in order to give all their time to the project. From that humble beginning grew the "Howdy, Neighbor" Club, which to-day has a total of nearly seventeen members.

* * *

ALL sorts of lonesome people flock to the club's meetings, which are held in the Meshs' tastily decorated living-room, with its inviting Morris chair, its rare copies of "A Yard of Kittens" and "Can't 'Oo Talk?" on the walls, and its tempting rows of "The Hundred Best Irish Jokes," "Fifty Handy Hints for Removing Fruit Stains," and "A Hundred Clever Negro Stories," among which the literary-minded members may browse. For the young folks there are piles of phonograph records, mostly rousing two-steps and brisk marches.

It is not difficult to belong to the club—Mr. and Mrs. Mesh have seen to that. All you have to be is without friends in order to be eligible for membership. A slight knowledge of English is, of course, helpful, but by no means essential. People from all walks of life have come to the meetings in the Meshs'



Mr. and Mrs. Mesh

living-room, but, during the eighteen months that the club has been in existence, Mr. and Mrs. Mesh proudly report that they have never missed anything except an aluminum salt and pepper set, a spoon with a picture of the White House engraved on its bowl, and a glass paperweight containing a miniature blizzard, which once stood on the center table, and which, according to Mrs. Mesh, they are just as well off without.

* * *

NATURALLY, one wonders how strangers in town ever happen to hear of the "Howdy, Neighbor" Club. It was but the work of a moment to put the question to the stalwart founder of the club. Far from being annoyed, he smiled kindly.

"The thing is almost too simple," he

said. "Whenever I see anyone in the street who looks lonely, I go up to him and ask if he is a stranger in town. Nine times out of ten he will reply that he isn't, and that gives us something in common, so we can get started right off on our little talk. After a few moments' chat, I explain to him that my brother is brakeman on a train that runs down from Canada, and so I am in a position to let him have it for seventy-five dollars a quart. Then I give him my address and tell him to come up to the house and see if it isn't the best he ever had in his life. When he gets there and finds it was all a hoax, that breaks the ice nicely. I wish you could see some of the expressions"—Mr. Mesh broke off to laugh till the tears came, and clout his smiling helpmate reminiscently across the back.

* * *

AND then, of course," he continued in more serious vein, "once a person has attended one of the meetings, he tells other people about it, and that keeps the membership down to just a nice intimate number."

Mr. Mesh opens each meeting wide with an appeal to the Democratic party to stick together, and Mrs. Mesh, if she can find her music, performs "The Merry Farmer's Return From Work" on the piano. By this time even the new members have caught on to the idea, and each eagerly does what he can. During the past season the club has had as visitors a gentleman who could do amazingly realistic impersonations of a mosquito, a freight train approaching a crossing, and a barnyard medley; a lady who, after a scant ten minutes of shuffling and counting, could show you the card you had drawn from the pack, and get it right five times out of nine; two amateur comedians who were at their best in German dialect; and a young man who was taking up the saxophone in a small way. It is these things that make the club meetings what some of the younger and slangier members have christened "a riot." And there is no more effective way to sum up the work the "Howdy, Neighbor" Club is doing than to echo Mr. Mesh's words and ask "Why not?" Or even, more briefly, "Why?"

Questions That Ought to Be Answered

IF it took four years, cost twenty-five million lives and two hundred billions in money to demonstrate that war is useless, how many more battleships should we launch within the next four years?

The public officials of New York accept bribes, go about in motor cars provided out of the tax budget, and engage in stock market transactions in return for favors granted. If this has been going on for, say, three years, and during this period an average of fifty sermons have been preached every Sunday, how many more Sundays will there be before the Hearst papers reach a circulation of three million?

If the war had continued for three months longer, would there now be only three millions of unemployed, instead of six millions as estimated?

Who was elected Vice-President of the United States last November?

If painters and carpenters and plumbers are now asking twelve dollars a day, how many more years of peace will it require before they demand sixteen?

Some People Are Born Lucky

NORTH: Did you enjoy the banquet?

WEST: Very much. I wasn't hungry anyway, and a telegram called me away just as the speeches started.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Alabama man who was killed by a bolt of lightning while harnessing a mule still blames the mule.



A Racial Monopoly

"Begorra, Moike, we can't go down thot road."

"An' why not, Pat?"

"Sure, me bye, it says 'For Pedestrians Only,' an' we both be Oirishmen."



What Is the Best Title for This Picture?

LIFE'S Title Contest

For the best title to the picture above LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize,	\$500.00
Second Prize,	\$300.00
Third Prize,	\$200.00

THE contest will be governed by the following

RULES

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly describes the situation shown in the picture.

The contest is open to everybody.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on December 5, 1921.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Contest Editor, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing title with the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author. Contestants may send in more than one title.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

THE SILENT DRAMA



Emerson and Loos

JOHN EMERSON and Anita Loos have a commendable respect for the unusual in motion picture stories. They like to escape occasionally from the trite and the obvious, and provide a few thrills that are not anticipated by everybody in the audience above the age of eight. They are ardent advocates of the open game, the brilliant forward-passing attack that knows no rules of conventionality or tradition.

Not that they seek to flout the popular taste. Far from it. They are clever enough to cater to the average intellect, the while they wink at the wise ones, as much as to say, "It's just as easy to fool you as it is to fool the rest of the boobies."

Consequently, their pictures are usually original, nearly always intelligent, and invariably profitable.

Woman's Place

A GOOD example of the typical Emerson-Loos opus is "Woman's Place," a diverting bit of absurdity about a girl who is invited to run for mayor of a small Middle-Western city. She is chosen by the woman's party because she is attractive enough to get the men's vote. Her fiancé, a foppish youth, runs against her, and a merry campaign ensues.

Constance Talmadge, as the girl, has a made-to-order part, and it fits well. She doesn't do anything that she hasn't done in every other picture she ever appeared in, but that is a matter of

small concern to those who would be highly indignant if she should dare to attempt something new.

"Woman's Place" is overflowing with sub-titles, but they are good sub-titles. One of them, "You don't need brains to be a Mayor," was heartily cheered in New York City.

Theodora

THE imprint of the Unione Cinematografica Italiana is unmistakably visible in every reel of "Theodora," which is a lineal descendant of "Quo Vadis" and "Cabiria." The Roman temples, the vast hordes of panic-stricken people, and even the lions, are all present—in greatly increased numbers. Indeed, "Theodora" may be described as "Quo Vadis" Plus.

"Theodora" is said to have cost some \$3,000,000 (at normal rates of exchange), and, strange to say, it is money well spent. American producers with a taste for the spectacular (Mr. William Fox, among others) would do well to attend this picture in a body and mark the subtle difference that exists between genuine magnificence and mere blatant display.

Under the Lash

ALTHOUGH it is not set forth in the Old Testament, there doubtless came a time when Job's patience cracked under the strain, when he just simply couldn't resist the temptation to murmur, "Drat the luck," or words to that effect.

It is even likely that George Wash-

ington, on some unrecorded occasion, wilfully relaxed his standard of veracity and told a large, whopping lie, just to see what it sounded like.

Therefore (to follow the same line of reasoning) it was only natural that Gloria Swanson should ultimately rise up in her wrath and demand a play in which she is not called upon to portray a high-bred but temperamental daughter of the aristocracy, who has an income tax of three million dollars per annum, wears lace curtain negligees, and lives in apartments that look like the window displays in cut-rate department stores.

In "Under the Lash" (based on "The Shulamite"), Miss Swanson is just a simple little girl, without so much as a sprig of Georgette crêpe about her attire. She is the wife of a stern old Boer, who lives in a *kraal* on the *veldt* and beats his *kaffirs* with a *sjambok*—but there! I am giving away the whole plot of the story.

Suffice it to say that Miss Swanson enlivens a dull drama with some real acting, and proves that she can be effective even when she is not appearing in one of Cecil B. De Mille's public baths.

INCIDENTALLY, in view of Gloria Swanson's refreshing revolt against tradition, we may expect to hear that Ben Turpin is to appear as *Hamlet*, William S. Hart as *Lord Windermere*, Mary Miles Minter as *Lady Macbeth*, Jackie Coogan as *King Lear* and Theda Bara as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Nobody's Fool. *Universal.*—A moderately amusing farce, with the attractive Marie Prevost in the leading rôle.

Disraeli. *United Artists.*—George Arliss in a picture which, because of its intelligence and the skill with which it is acted, will probably be a complete flivver.

The Sign on the Door. *First National.*—A noble and trusting hero, a lecherous villain and Norma Talmadge. We leave it to you to guess which one of them bites the dust.

The Three Musketeers. *United Artists.*—Douglas Fairbanks in what Dr. Frank Crane would call "A Knockout."

The Girl From God's Country. *Warren.*—Enough action for a fifteen-reel se-

rial, most of which is provided by the dynamic Nell Shipman.

One Arabian Night. *First National.*—Pola Negri is the star of a splendid picture which is based on the theory that woman's place is in the harem.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. *United Artists.*—Mary Pickford and some fine trick photography.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. *Metro.*—This picture was reviewed in the March 24th issue of *LIFE*.

Dangerous Curve Ahead. *Goldwyn.*—A sincere depiction of a young American couple, which becomes too theatrical to be genuine.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK—"Conflict," and "Two Minutes to Go."

The Case of Becky. *Realart.*—Constance Binney in a dual personality rôle. One of the personalities is a good girl, the other personality a bad girl—and Miss Binney carries out the illusion by acting the good girl well and the bad girl poorly.

Doubling for Romeo. *Goldwyn.*—Will Rogers slings some mean satire in an amusing burlesque of various foibles of the films.

From the Ground Up. *Goldwyn.*—A Tom Moore-Rupert Hughes comedy of conventional stamp, showing how a brawny Irish lad can fight his way to the top.

Bits of Life. *First National.*—Four short stories strung together and served up as a feature film by Marshall Neilan. An interesting and successful experiment.

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A Place for Everything

When an elbow, vigorously used in debate, hits the edge of a plate of soup, the soup spatters. Also, the tablecloth suffers. It happened at Giesenheimer's Hungarian restaurant on the East Side. Giesenheimer was mad. He strode to the offender's table. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Ain't you got no honor? Suppose you would do such a thing in the Ritz-Carlton or the Biltmore, what would they say to you?"

"What would they say to me?" repeated the owner of the elbow. "They would say: 'If you want to do such a thing, go down to Giesenheimer's.'"

—New York Evening Post.

Dead Reckoning

FIRST SEA DOG (playing golf, to partner): That's six you've had.

SECOND DITTO: 'Tisn't—it's five! I had to go astern in that bunker—then I had one shot hard apart—another on the star-board tack, an' finally 'bout ship, so 'tis five.—London Opinion.

A Special Occasion

THE HOSTESS: I've got a new maid coming to see me to-morrow.

THE GUEST: How delightful! What are you going to wear?

—Passing Show (London).

HIGHBROW: What was that charming thing that Herr Schlitz just played on the piano?

LOWBROW: Havoc!—Yale Record.



AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

Guide: It took nearly two thousand year to build dis pyramid.

Dear Old Lady: I can quite believe you. Our workmen at home are just as bad.

—Sketch (London).

The Versatile Maestro

M. Paderewski is said to be amusing himself in his new home in California by practicing card tricks. As he can also play the piano he should be the life and soul of many an evening party.—Punch.

The Frequenter of Clubs

He stopped, coming out of the Union Club, and paused to flick a bit of dust from his coat with a languid finger.

With a half-hid scornful smile he watched Percy Carringle, the munition millionaire's son, timidly pass through the portals of the club. It amused him to see the uncertainty with which this *nouveau riche* looked around him. His father, for more years than he could remember, had frequented the club, and he bade fair to follow in his father's footsteps!

He stood hesitating: should he go to the Vanderbilt's or to the Ritz first? Suddenly he remembered. He had to go to the Vanderbilt's; he didn't have enough milk in his wagon for the Ritz.

—From a Theatre Program.

In Chicago

A resident of Chicago opened his front door and blew three short blasts on a police whistle. Twenty policemen appeared at the door almost instantly. "Gosh, this is embarrassing," said the res-of-Chi, when he saw the large mob of bluecoats, "I only wanted a quart."

—Nashville Tennessean.

A Grateful 'Eart

A London coffee-stall scene: midnight. BELATED THEATRE-GOER (to street corner lounge): Like a cup of coffee?

LOUNGER: Thanks, guv'nor. I 'ope I never pinch your watch, swelp me!

—London Daily News.

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The Green-Eyed One

TO-DAY, when you said
That Nazimova wore the crown
Of her own genius like a laurel wreath;
That she made one dream
Exotic dreams
Of grace and fire and color—
Well, it's true!

But I—

I curled my lip, and said I failed to
see it.

Then when I spoke
About the "faun look" of John Barry-
more;

Said his acting
Gripped the heart;
That just to watch him stand
Unbeaten, silent, tense,
Made the senses ache
With ecstasy and pain—
Then you—

You gave a grunt, and said he'd have
to show you.

Ethel D. Turner.

A Step Toward—What?

Two antipathetic gunmen mutually agreed that carrying .44-calibre revolvers in their hip pockets was old-fashioned. They admitted that these weapons were expensive, clumsy, in a general way obsolete and too great a tax on their pockets, both actually and figuratively. So they promised each other to throw their forty-fours into the junk-heap, and arm themselves with less costly weapons, of lighter weight, which should reduce the tax on their pockets and their pocket-books. Thus, having brought down the high cost of toting revolvers, they made mugs at each other and parted, to maintain, until some crisis should arise, their usual condition of armed alertness.

E. S. V. Z.

Where Is Mr. Kipling?

THE *World* is getting Mr. Wells over to report the armament conference, but where is Mr. Kipling? Might not he be helpful, too?

Surely! The only question is whether Mr. Kipling continues to be enough interested in this world to want to save it. Mr. Wells does want to. He likes it. But Mr. Kipling—? Who can say?

But saving the world is a job for poets as much as for politicians, and Mr. Kipling ought to come to the conference.

Women—Always!

NORTH: What style of architecture do you like best?

WEST: I've always favored the tall, thin ones.

"DOBBS never has a superfluous idea, does he?"

"If he did, it would be superfluous."



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Love Finds a Way

The man and the bride were among the fifty or so men and brides awaiting their turns at the Marriage Bureau in the Municipal Building.

"I'm half a dollar short," said the man to the city official who receives the \$2 fee. "What'll I do?"

"Sorry I can't help you, buddy," was the answer, "but the law doesn't permit any rate cutting. You'll have to get the money somehow."

An hour later the man and the bride were back. They had the required \$2.

"Where'd you get it?" inquired the city officer. "Borrow from friends?"

"Naw," said the man. "We didn't know nobody to borrow from. So we went out and hocked the wedding ring."

—New York Sun.

Out Where the Wheat Begins

The night cashier overheard a peculiar conversation in Beaver Crossing the other day. A farmer was in a store buying some groceries.

"Want any flour?" asked the grocer.

"No, flour's too high. I can git along without it."

After a while the grocer said: "Sold your wheat, Bill?"

"Nope; I'm going to hang onto mine; they ain't payin' nothin' for it yet."

—Vancouver Province.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Perfidious Albion

At the meeting of the British Association attention was drawn to the preponderance of red-haired people in the neighborhood of Aberdeen. We can only say that it is a pity a body of scientists can't go to Scotland without making personal remarks about the inhabitants.—Punch.

A Mixed Bag

THE DUKE (shooting on moors): What is it, Binks?

BINKS: The grace, your grouse.

—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News (London).

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—Detroit Free Press.

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Those Christmas Gifts

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Admirals and the Navy

DISCUSSING the cabinet and how its members have worked out, the Kansas City *Star's* correspondent finds that only Hughes and Hoover have quite met expectations. Mellon, Denby and Davis he classes as disappointments; Mellon, because he cannot make Congress mind him; Denby, because people think he is too much under the domination of hard-boiled admirals; Davis, because being Secretary of Labor at this time seems too big a job for him.

Discussing Mr. Denby, this correspondent says maybe he came into the Navy Department at a bad time for him, "but, as it happens, the Navy represents the most reactionary influence in the government."

That is probably true and natural enough because the Navy is the greatest mechanism in the government's outfit. The naval officers believe in the Navy. They know that navies have been of tremendous consequence in the world in times past. They want ours to be the best there is, which is all right, and it is hard for them to believe that there can be too much of it.

There is no complaint to make about that. Who should stand up for the Navy if the admirals do not? All the same, it is true, as the Kansas City man says, that the Navy represents the most reactionary influence in the government. That was probably at the bottom of the trouble between Admiral Fiske and Secretary Daniels. The Admiral was an extremely good hand to make the Navy more efficient, but Mr. Daniels was never more than half-hearted in his belief in navies as a cure for the troubles of the world. Now Admiral Fiske is writing a series of articles for the Hearst papers telling how the world has always needed navies and



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always will, and doubtless why we ought to have the best and keep on improving it.

But another admiral takes a different view. Rear-Admiral Francis T. Bowles, lately chief constructor of our Navy, is for radical limitation of armament and would have the nations scrap all fighting ships over 15,000 tons displacement, all guns of more than six-inch calibre, and all submarines, and forbid making any more. That he thinks would reduce naval expenditure from 75 to 90 per cent., which would really amount to something.

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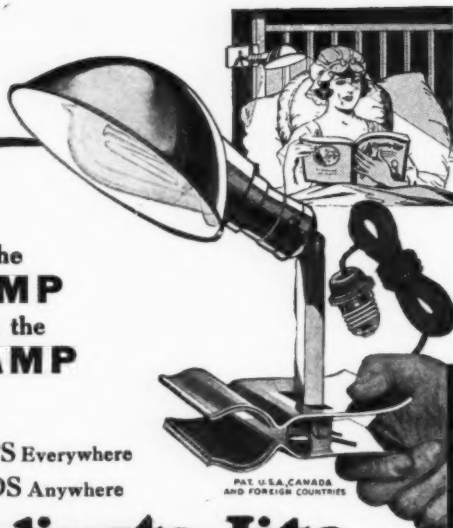
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THE LATEST BOOKS

Fiction

Privilege, by Michael Sadleir (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The story of the decay of an English family written in the extreme modern sophisticated manner, tinged with real genius. Terribly good.

Mr. Waddington of Wyck, by May Sinclair (The Macmillan Co.). A book of inward chuckles. It is worth while sticking around in a world where May Sinclair is writing books—when she writes such a good one as this.

Quill's Window, by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Mr. McCutcheon is still writing in the old conventional manner. His characters (not all of them) are too shopworn. In spite of the deadwood, however, his first-rate talent as a story teller has aided him in producing an interesting book.

The Obstacle Race, by Ethel M. Dell (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Somehow or other, we like this book more than we probably should like it. The author knows what she is about—she carries one on. Mighty pleasant reading.

My Three Husbands, Anonymous (Brentano's). The anonymous author of this matrimonial nut sundae says on page 194 (speaking of husband number three): "But I must say that George did improve wonderfully under my treatment." We wish we could say the same.

Ursula Trent, by W. L. George (Harper & Brothers). The fact that the author is trying almost too hard to make you believe he can think and act like a woman constantly obtrudes itself. The book is so clever that it is unconvincing, and disappointing because the reader never has a chance to be lost in the story or to forget that George did it.

The Willing Horse, by Ian Hay (Houghton Mifflin Co.). A pleasant story of the girl-who-has-gone-through-the-war type, very clean, with nice touches of Scotch humor, love and all that sort of thing.

Success, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Houghton Mifflin Co.). We started out to read this book with great hopes, and wound up with a feeling of dull rage. Perhaps it is a good book. It reads as if the author had been assigned to write a tale for the movies and had "written it up" first as a newspaper yarn in the form of a novel. You can hear the machinery creak when the characters move about.

Andivius Hedulio, by Edward Lucas White (E. P. Dutton & Co.). A romance of ancient Rome. If you like historical novels, and want a good one about Rome, this is it.

Others

Mr. Punch's History of Modern England, Vols. I and II, by Charles L. Graves (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). A mine of information dealing with the Victorian period, all through it the rare flavor of *Punch*. After perusing with great effort several English histories dealing with this period, we declare without any hesitation that these volumes give us a much more accurate idea of the spirit and temper of the English people than anything we have yet seen. Pretty much everything English that you want to know—or don't want to know—is in them.

Tired Radicals, by Walter Weyl (B. W. Huebsch). A book of essays by one of the brightest lights of the *New Republic*, whose untimely death is mourned by a host of admirers.

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Scandalous

THE facts that the bucolic Wordsworth had a daughter living in France and Lord Byron was on too easy terms with his sister-in-law have recently been revamped by the British scandalmongers and made the occasion for columns of discussion in the British reviews. They are so much more conservative there than here in America. Here we take any couple out of real life, work up a proper scandal about them, and exploit them in the newspapers day after day and week after week. We demand realism in our scandals, and it is so much more real to be able to see the chief actors alighting from their motor cars, or sitting in the windows of their favorite clubs. The English, on the other hand, prefer to take their scandals from the past; thus Byron and Wordsworth, and thus Lytton Strachey describing the horrors of respectability achieved by Queen Victoria. Even Margot Asquith prefers this method, and her diary might well have been termed "Looking Backward."

If now we are going to preserve the balance of scandal power, we ought to enter into an agreement with the mother country to have our scandals exploited on a proper basis of Anglo-Saxon reciprocity.

Sophistication

NORTH: Dobbs must have a wonderful education.

WEST: What makes you think so?

NORTH: There are so few things he believes in.

"I HEAR dear old Guy is going to do 'Hamlet' this season."

"No, my dear boy; he is going to do 'The Jest.'"

"Same thing—same thing."

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Of anything else under heaven,
I would put that thing
Out of my life
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Getting After Gibbs

To our minds Sir Philip Gibbs is one of the most benevolent and benign of contemporary writers, who practices all the time to better the world, and, on the whole, does it gently, which cannot always be said of world betterers. Yet he manages to give offense to various people. Somehow or other most of the Irish are very mad at him. In Irish matters he took the position that the government party in England was trying to handle the Irish with a club, which was wrong, and that was no way to do it. He advocated Dominion government for Ireland as the best thing obtainable. He was shocked at British black-and-tan policies, and was strong on the Irish side of things, but in his lectures here where he discussed these matters the Irish mobbed him.

And now comes after him Maurice Leon, a lawyer of New York and at times a legal representative of the French Embassy. In the *Tribune* he curses out Gibbs very hard for stabbing France in the back and putting out shameful slurs on the great soul of Marshal Foch, all of which is really the greatest nonsense.

The trouble with Gibbs seems to be that he has a liberal spirit of the kind that Albert Nock so much extolled in Lord Falkland. He sympathizes off and on with both sides in most cases and offends the extreme partisans of both groups. No extremist will be suited by him, but for moderate-minded people he makes a great deal of comforting reading.

Piling It On

SOME curious things escape notice even in these times when the pressure of things desirable to read is so much abated. For example, the *Herald* told the other day about the huge marble group of Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony now standing in the rotunda basement of the Capitol, after a long battle for admission to the halls of Congress. It seems that this remarkable sculpture has recently had a coat of paint over the chiseled inscription, which begins: "The three great destiny characters of the world whose spiritual import and historical significance transcend that of all others of any country or any age."

The unkindest estimate of the three sculptured women would still consider them much too good and too important to link to any such preposterous inscription as that.

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THE decided preference of well-dressed men for Holeproof Hosiery is but natural—the lustrous elegance of Holeproof appeals to good taste as much as its famous wearing qualities appeal to sound judgment.

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Once I was gray!



Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and you can soon make this statement yourself. It proves how a clear colorless liquid and a little comb will restore your hair to its original color in from 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Test as directed on a single lock. Note its clean dauntiness—how soft and fluffy it makes your hair. No streaking, no discoloration, nothing to wash or rub off.

Fill out coupon carefully and enclose lock of hair if possible. Trial package and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle from druggist or direct from us. Don't risk cheap substitutes and ruin your hair.

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Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....
Name.....
Street..... Town.....
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Lament of a School Teacher

O H, for a Saturday
When there are no meetings;
When the English Association will for-
get

Its plans of educating us;
When the college women's club
And the alumnae of my sorority
Will not have luncheons,
With talks afterwards
To spoil digestion;
When I shall not have to get to bank
Before twelve
To deposit my meager check
To my still more meager account;
When the season will not demand shop-
ping

For a new hat,
Or a new suit,
Or new shoes.

Oh, for a Saturday
When I can sleep
As long as I like;
When I can shuffle around the house
In slippers,
And not have to put on my hat
All day;
When I can read my books
And my new magazines
And even the daily paper;
When I can darn my stockings,
And sew on my buttons,
And dig in my garden,
And play my piano,
And live!

Oh, for a Saturday!

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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